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### DOCK TWO LUNCHEONS.

Table d'hôte who have made the round of the 50-cent places will envy the employees of the Dock Department who have been privileged to take luncheon daily on the Department's tug Manhattan. The Manhattan is used chiefly for "tours of inspection" by Commissioner Hawkes and his assistants, the boat serving many of the uses of an official yacht. As one of the uses of a yacht is to provide its passengers with a good cuisine Mr. Hawkes seems only to have followed marine precedent in hiring a capable cook and giving him carte blanche to procure the delicacies of the season for the table.

A charge of 50 cents a plate was made, but 50 cents does not go far in the purchase of sweetbreads, salmon steaks, chicken and tinned foods of a gastronomic kind. So when the bills came to Comptroller Grout for payment from the public funds he discovered that receipts of \$92 during a stated period the Manhattan's steward furnished his guests with food costing \$367. The Comptroller refused to pay. The lucky lunch eaters were, among others, Deputy Commissioner Jackson and Secretary Blocker, who consumed twenty-five meals each, and Supt. Manly, who ate twenty-four.

We think the Comptroller has been reprehensibly obstinate in this matter. The better food a man eats the better nurtured he is and the better service he gives his employers for his salary. Why should the loss of a few dollars on meals weigh against the inestimably valuable returns the city is getting from its dock officials? If they prefer sweetbreads to Tammany's beefsteak, what's the odds?

**Explorers' Quarrels.**—In an Arctic exploration expedition, as in a dramatic stock company, there is sure to be trouble if there is more than one star.

### POLICEMEN'S FORTUNES.

The estate of S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, is now in process of distribution among his heirs. It has been thirty years in trust and during that time has shrunk from \$524,000 to \$340,000. What a pity a policeman could not have been one of the executors! A wardman might have doubled it, a captain multiplied it several times over and a chief expanded it into an estate of Astor proportions.

So at least we may infer from the list of fortunes accumulated by New York police officers printed in yesterday's World. The figures are exceedingly interesting. No burial of talents by good and faithful servants there, but putting them out at interest to increase and multiply.

The average length of service of a policeman who rises from patrolman to inspector is about twenty-four years. His salary for that period is about \$48,000. Capt. Moynihan, dismissed last week, had expanded his salary into real estate possessions worth \$750,000, while finding it ample all the while to fill the mouths of his fourteen children and buy them shoes. Capt. Thomas has half a million and various other captains fortunes of one or two hundred thousand. Inspector McLaughlin ranks well up toward the top, as inspectors should, with \$500,000, just below the millionaires Byrnes and Devery. Several wardmen figure in the hundred thousands—Martin with \$300,000, Glennon with \$200,000, Reynolds with \$150,000. A wardman has superior ways and means of learning about sources of supply.

Altogether it is an instructive list of substantial fortunes, most of them acquired in real estate. If these thrifty operators were to form a Policemen's Real Estate and Trust Company what a boon it would be to the widow and orphan left with a few thousands of life insurance money! What a boon to heirs now so frequently left disappointed, as in the case of the Morse estate!

### VOTE QUOTATIONS.

Devery's votes cost him \$22.54 each, as against \$10.66 paid by "Battery Dan" Finn. Competition was keener in the Ninth Assembly District than in the First and accounts for the record price. Mr. Finn had some apprehensions about the foreign vote in his district. He did not exactly know how the Greeks stood or what the Syrians wanted, and such apprehensions needed allaying. But he was not called on to fill any bins with coal or provide vaudeville entertainments and barge parties. Such luxuries come high.

City prices are always dearer. How small by comparison seem the rural market rates for votes in National contests. Gen. Dudley used to get a whole "block of five" for what Mr. Finn paid for one American sovereign's suffrage, and the cost of securing a dozen votes at Devery prices would buy quite a colony in Indiana even now at the higher quotations there.

### "THIRTY-THREE'S" NEW DOOR.

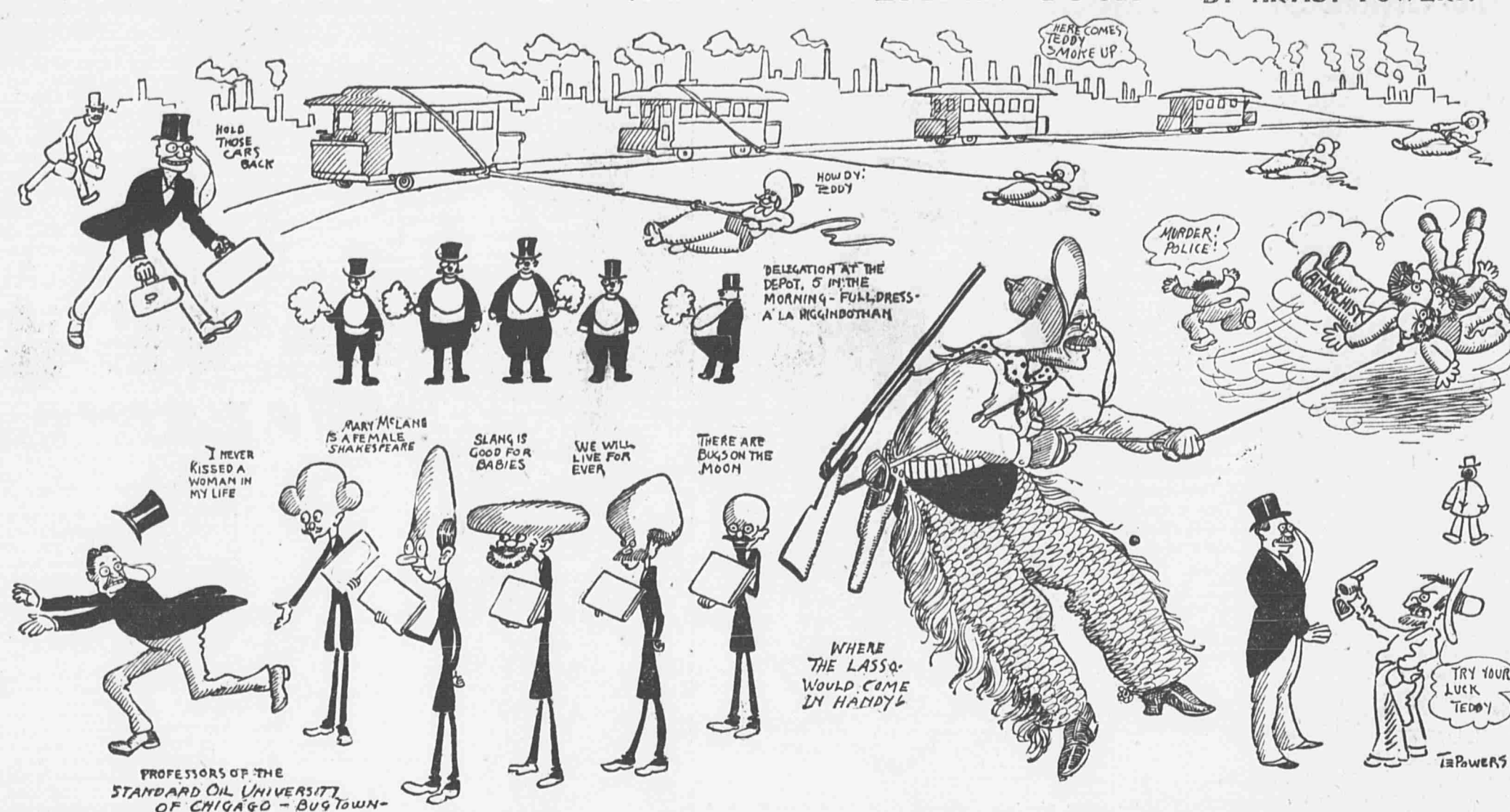
The story of a bronze door: Cunning Venetian artificers of the middle ages fashioned it, bringing to their task all the accomplishments of their art. In the taste of the time, unrestrained by puritanic scruples, they wrought on it nymphs and satyrs, piping Pans and Cupids, erotic allegories. Delivered from their hands to their patron it became the portal of a stately palace where it swung to and fro for doges and princes, for a Morosini, perhaps, or a Dandolo and for the titled Venetian dames, daughters more beautiful than their beautiful mothers. An impressive procession of proud heads.

But times change and doors with them, and the fashion of a later century condemned the bronze masterpiece to the auction-room. But mark how in constructing the thing of beauty the canny craftsmen builded better than they knew. The beauty of the door persisted even in its degradation till it attracted the eye of a connoisseur from the great metropolis of the new land across the western sea, to wit, Mr. Frank Farrell's friend, Mr. Burbridge, proprietor of an art museum in Thirty-third street, New York. So to this not unfitting home it is transported, there to give accidental eyes a glimpse of the glories of cinque cento art work.

Shall we not consider Mr. Burbridge's act worthy of praise of the kind given Mr. Morgan when he provides a museum with an old master or a priceless tapestry? Why discriminate against a private museum such as Mr. Burbridge conducts for the pleasure of gentlemen of means and wealth? And if visitors are seen entering the house where this noble door swings on its hinges before the portcullis shall we suspect them of any other motive for seeking entrance there than to see this and others of the rare art treasures therein? Perish the unworthy thought!

## POSSIBLE SCENES IN THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TOUR.

A FORECAST  
BY ARTIST POWERS.



### QUARTERS AND HALVES



Jailer—Well, old man, how do you like your new quarters? Counterfeiter—Not so well as the new halves I used to turn out.

### GOOD GUESS.



Singleton—Your wife has what might be termed an expressive chin. Wedely—That's what she has. She keeps it working most of the time.

### HER STRONG POINT.



Chapp—Miss Millyuns ain't much of a looker, is she? Snapp—I like her figure.

### THE LIMIT.



Sue Brette—And what did the stage manager offer him? Cor Queen—He said he might come on as an understudy for the part of a dead soldier in the battle scene.

### LAST CALL.



She (cooly)—I hope you will invite me to your wedding when you marry. He (boldly)—I'll invite you if you promise to accept. If you don't, then the wedding will be postponed indefinitely.

### JOKES OF OUR OWN.

**WELL NAMED.**  
She dropped a pair of scissors from the window in her haste. And now she says the action. Was nothing but sheer waste.

**HER WISH.**  
"Why do you wish my face was an open book, dear? Would you read it through and through?"  
"No. I'd shut it up and shelve it."

**SHE UNDERSTOOD ME.**  
"I'm sure I'm the first girl he ever loved."  
"What makes you think that?"  
"Because he's never told me so."

**A REVERSIBLE PHRASE.**  
"Do they exhibit very large hen's eggs at the county fair this year?" asked the city visitor.  
"Waal, I guess yes!" replied the rural correspondent absently. "Some of 'em are as big as hailstones."

**THE WAY TO WIN.**  
"Strike!" while the iron is heated.  
"Pause!" and the iron's cold—  
If you strike too late on a hardened plate  
The weld will never hold.  
"Seek!" and success will follow;  
"Wait!" and it passes by;  
Be quick to grasp, then hold it fast  
And trust for a better try.  
"Work!" and the world works with you;  
"Loaf!" and you loaf alone;  
This strenuous world a continuous whirl;  
It offers no room for the drone.  
"Life!" is an undertaking;  
"Death!" is a silent thought.  
So let life's light illumine the night  
With the deeds which you have wrought.  
—P. Gordon Mills in Indianapolis Sentinel.

### REBELLIOUS HUBBY.

Mrs. Anne Meekall, of Butte, Mont., has left her husband because he insisted on refusing to do his share of the household work by washing the clothes, which she was quite willing to iron.

### A HORSE A PRIEST.

Inclutus, the famous horse of the Roman Emperor Caligula, was actually consecrated as a priest, had a manger of pure ivory and was never given a drink from anything but a gold pail.

### TRUE LOVE ISN'T LIKE THE POLE STAR.

The pole star is no more fixed than are the other stars of heaven, and is at present receding from the earth at the tremendous rate of ninety miles a minute, a speed five times as rapid as that of a rifle ball. The travellings of the so-called pole star through space have, however, nothing to do with the travellings of the pole itself. The earth, as it spins round and round on its axis like a top, wobbles slightly, just as the top does; and it is this wobbling or gyration motion that is

